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THE CHINESE-TIBETAN BORDERLAND AND
ITS PEOPLES*

BY

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Human populations, no less than other biological groups, are composed of a variety of elements—brought together by no one knows what wind, nor whence, nor when. Once in contact, however, the elements are soon involved in a process of fusion. Any even moderately densely populated region of the earth bears witness to the human movements and pressures that are, and have been, operating throughout human history, smoothing out the original differences between the peoples concerned and blending them into a common type. This process in the case of the Chinese people, whose resultant physical characters are the object of our particular investigation, constitutes a study of extreme interest. Here in Eastern Asia we have an agglomeration of heterogeneous elements, all of them at some time or other drawn in from the periphery by the attraction of a superior social organization of one particular group. Later forced into a common mode of living by the extremely monotonous environment of this great deltaic plain, these variously derived human elements have coalesced, except for a few obstinately refractory types, into a population that constitutes a unit when looked at as a whole. But the apparent homogeneity of this population is far from real. To determine the components of this population, as we are trying to do, is not an easy nor always a hopeful task — yet it is one that we have undertaken.

A few cardinal principles guide us in our investigation. One of these leads us to conduct our study as much as possible on the fringes of the great population mass in question, and examine there the as yet unassimilated fragments or the arrested particles that have failed to lose them-

* Being an account of an Anthropological Reconnaissance conducted in the spring and summer of 1926 presented before the *Peking Society of Natural History*, Peking, October 8, 1926.

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selves in the centre. A short trip into Mongolia in 1922 and two subsequent expeditions in Shansi into certain regions of special interest had served to acquaint me somewhat with the types involved in the fusion going on along the northern border of this racial complex. A similar study of the western border mixture was highly desirable, and in the spring and summer of 1926 the much hoped for opportunity to visit the western borderlands presented itself. The distances to be travelled were enormous (approximately five thousand miles for the round trip to and from Peking) and the time unfortunately was limited to a single season. To have accomplished more than a mere reconnaissance of the problem at this time was impossible. This brief account of the trip purposes to share with a larger group a few of the glimpses that I obtained of not only one of the least known regions but also of some of the most interesting peoples found in all Asia.

Shortly before daylight one morning early in May I picked my way down through the narrow streets that led to the east gate of Chungking. The going, difficult at best on account of the darkness and the irregularity of the paving stones, was far from improved by the dripping water that marked the trail of the early morning water carriers. A nod at the drowsy sentinel, and my four *tiaofus* (carriers) and I slipped through the narrow crack of the still partially closed gate, and paused a minute before beginning our slippery descent to the water's edge below.

Chungking is unique among the large cities of China in that it is perched upon the top of a giant outcropping of rock. There, safe above the confluent currents of the Kialing and the Yangtze Rivers that rush wildly together at its feet, the city wall that encircles this "Great City of West China" looks down from a height of well over one hundred feet above the mean low water mark of the rivers below. The height at which the city is built above the stream beds represents no idle fancy—for the mean seasonal rise and fall of the Yangtze at this point is in the neighbourhood of one hundred feet. This tremendous fluctuation of the water level at the city gives a corresponding variation in the appearance of the city as viewed from the river.

The sight is best, I believe, at low water stage, as it was when I first saw it. Then, mounted high on its rocky eminence and with its several colonnaded foreign-style buildings silhouetted sharply above their meaner surroundings, the city reminds one of what ancient Athens must have looked like, similarly built upon a rocky prominence with her public edifices rising above the common buildings of the rest of the city. Then also, at low water level, are seen the innumerable rock-hewn steps that bridge the vertical gap between the city and the water's edge. From a distance these steps look like long dangling ropes hanging down from the city gates above and fraying themselves out into divergent strands on the exposed beach below. Each path consists of hundreds of stone steps, rudely cut out of the nearly perpendicular rock upon which the city is built. Up and down these slippery steps swarm the water carriers and other toilers ministering to the city's needs. This is indeed an impressive sight—one that I was to miss three months later when, with the

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water over eighty feet higher, I returned to Chungking and found the city gates only a few feet beyond the reach of the rushing stream.

Down one long row of these steps I slipped and slid in the misty morning light of the day in question. At the bottom, with one last spasmodic and, fortunately, successful slide, I landed on the small boat that was to carry me for some distance on the first stage of my long journey to the Tibetan border beyond.

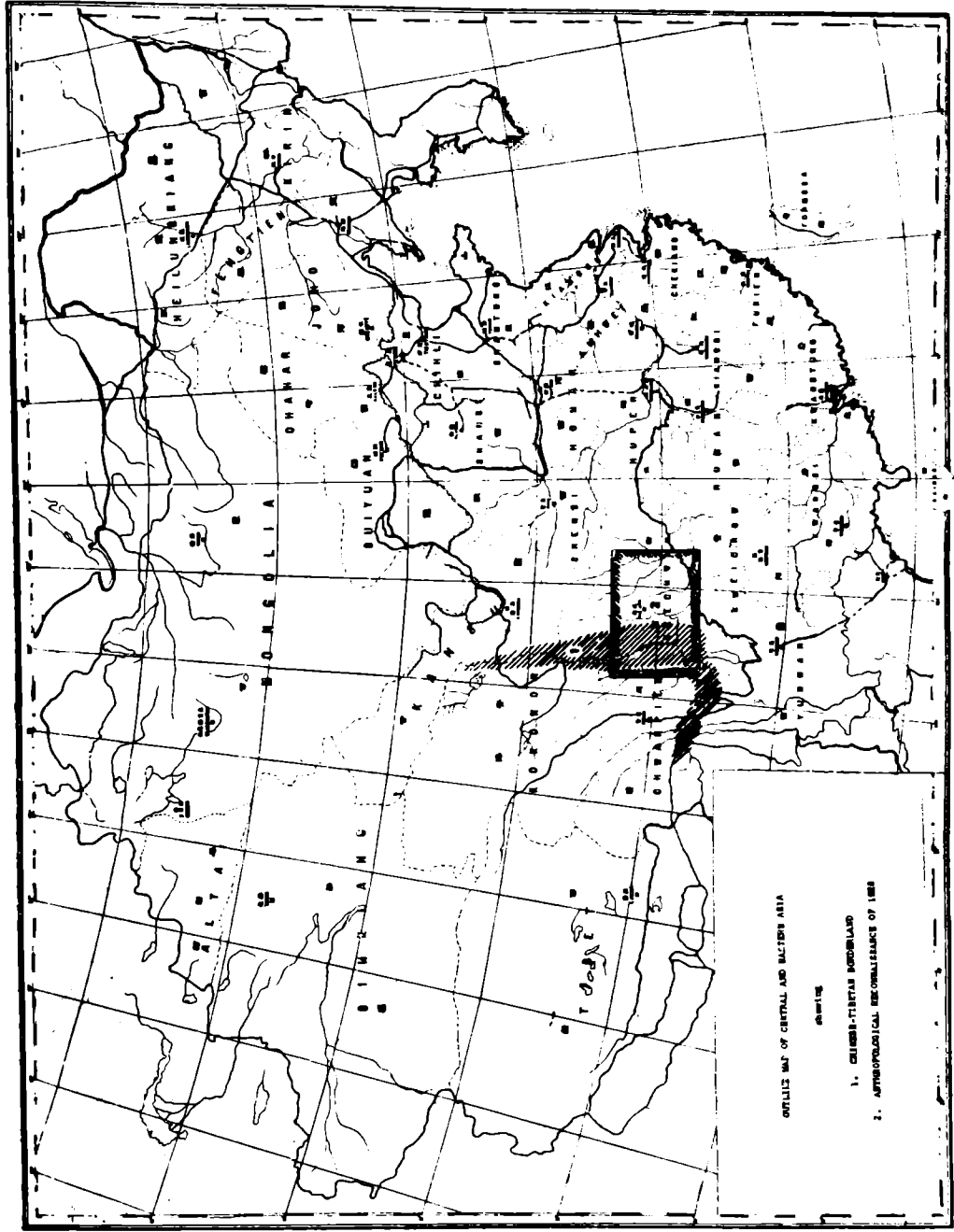
There are several routes of choice between Chungking and Chengtu, the capital of Szechuan and my first objective. One is up the Yangtze to Suifu, then up the Min River to Kiating, and thence to Chengtu either by small native boat or overland by chair. This "water route" is the one of choice if the stage of the water above Chungking makes navigation possible for the small steam or motor boats that have recently begun to ply these upper stretches of water all the way to Kiating. In this case Kiating can be reached in about five days. Another three days to Chengtu makes the total time for the trip only about eight or nine days. Another route, that most commonly used, is overland by the so-called "big road." Eleven nights on the road the traveller will be given the opportunity to try out the progressively worse Chinese inns in the wretched towns along the road. On the twelfth day, if everything goes well, he will arrive in Chengtu and that night enjoy a much needed bath and a comfortable bed. But an irresponsible military had taken possession of all the towns on this big road at the time I wanted to reach Chengtu, making travel over it unpleasant and illadvised. I had to choose, therefore, a third, well-known but somewhat longer route, the so-called "small road." This road bears away straight to the north from Chungking, following and in places making use of the Kialing River to Suining, thence westward across to the big road which it meets at Ch'ienchow and follows into Chengtu. Under ordinary circumstances this road has taken until recently about fourteen days to travel. An enterprising young Szechuanese graduate of a Shanghai technical college, however, has inaugurated a motor launch service between Chungking and Yochow, thus reducing the trip by three days. It was my further good fortune to be the first passenger on a trial trip of the extension of this service all the way to Suining, hence my arrival in Chengtu in the record time of nine days.

The section of the small road from Suining to Ch'ienchow leads through the heart of the so-called "red basin" of Szechuan. The name, given the region by the late Baron von Richthofen, whose researches and descriptions have made the region well known, is indeed appropriate. Stretching away on every side as far as the eye can see, over an area of approximately a hundred thousand square miles, are regularly shaped conical knolls of red clayey sandstone, slowly weathering down to a new plain level. In past geological ages this region was a large inland lake, and its floor was fairly level. To-day, through the drainage of these waters by the Yangtze river, the region is exposed to the erosion of innumerable streams that makes of it a country of great hilliness, but of marvelous fertility and natural beauty. In point of natural history the basin is a unit by itself, and several naturalists have devoted considerable attention to its particular flora and fauna. This "interior basin" is of

considerable interest on account of its population and offers not only the starting point of our observations on the peoples of West China but also an excellent example of one of the factors determining the distribution of the Chinese peoples from time immemorial.

The population of China, as indeed of the whole world, is very unevenly spread over the region it calls its home. The chief factor that has influenced the direction and limits of Chinese expansion is one of agricultural technique. Chinese civilization has from the beginning been an alluvial-plain agricultural civilization, built upon the art of irrigating the fields by artificial control of the water supply. This art of regulating the distribution of the water by canals was probably developed, in the case of the early Chinese, on the alluvial fans along the northern periphery of the great Asiatic massif. There in Central Asia the snow and cloud-fed streams emerging from the narrow valleys on the south could be controlled by the simplest of irrigating works before the water lost itself either in the sands or in the larger rivers of the Tarim basin on the north. This ability to regulate the water supply of small areas for agricultural purposes was gradually improved along the route and in the halting places of the subsequent eastern migration of the Chinese into the historic basins of the Wei and Yellow Rivers. In these larger areas this earlier "oasis technique" was perfected and applied to basin areas of less restricted dimensions. Larger communities came to depend upon a common controlled water supply; and there were thus gradually developed the collective consciousness and co-operative social solidarity that later constituted the greater part of China's claim to cultural superiority over the surrounding peoples.

This mastered and highly developed technique of restricted basin cultivation became in turn the master of the early Chinese. The direction and limit of expansion of subsequent generations were determined by this technique and by the type of social organization that had grown out of it. The early advance of the Chinese was not by contiguous expansion, but was of necessity accomplished by the acquisition of a series of isolated basins one after the other. The country intervening between these basins was by no means always inhospitable or sterile, but often merely unsuited to the irrigation type of cultivation. These intervening hilly regions were therefore left in the hands of the earlier inhabitants, whose cruder methods of agriculture and dependence upon hunting made it possible for them to eke out an existence in the uplands. Thus we had, and still have in many regions, two populations living side by side. Though in contact, they usually do not mix, having little if anything in common. The hunter, shepherd or primitive agriculturalist of the uplands, and the rice growing irrigator of the lowlands, each is held fast as in a vise by an instinctive adherence to his own traditional methods of securing a livelihood. Under such circumstances, and out of a whole series of conscious as well as unconscious reactions between each group and its own particular mode of life, there have developed many fundamental differences in the current survival values and mechanisms of the respective groups. New racial differences have developed, and those existing have been still further accentuated.



Location Map showing (1) the Chinese-Tibetan Borderland, and (2) the Area covered by the Anthropological Reconnaissance by Dr. Paul Huston Stevenson

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The picture just sketched is one of rigid geographical control of nature in the distribution of human populations in general and of the early Chinese in particular. Such geographical control is still evident to-day in regions removed from the great centres of man's creative civilizations and their subsequently rapidly blending human populations. Szechuan's red basin, its Chengtu plain, its western borderland of successive and increasingly high and rugged mountain valleys, and the lofty plateau of Tibet beyond, provide opportunities for the study of human geography that are equalled in few other places in the world.

The present Chinese population of this great inland basin, called the province of the four rivers, Szechuan (四川), is of interest because of the progressive reblending of already blended Chinese types at present going on there. That this fertile basin boasted kingdoms and dynasties before the coming of the Chinese is generally conceded by historians. That the original, or at least the earlier, inhabitants were pushed by pioneer Chinese agricultural invaders to the mountains bordering the region to the south and are to-day represented through their descendants in the hill-peoples of Kweichow is also believed to be true from a knowledge of the general trend of the ethnic movements going on at that time in these regions.

At the beginning of the historical period in China the peoples of this area were divided between the kingdoms of Pa and Shu, occupying the eastern and western parts of the basin respectively. These seem to have been an agricultural people, and were probably of a racial stock closely related to the petty Chinese states that had settled in the basins beyond the Tsing-ling barrier to the northeast and with whom they had relations by intermarriage of members of the ruling families as early as 600 B.C. The marvelous fertility of the basin was well known to Ch'in Shih Huang, who built one of the first military roads in Chinese history over the Tsing-ling range to tap this basin and annexed it for his granary as the first step toward his subsequent campaigns against the kingdom of Ch'u and other states then occupying the Yangtze Valley.

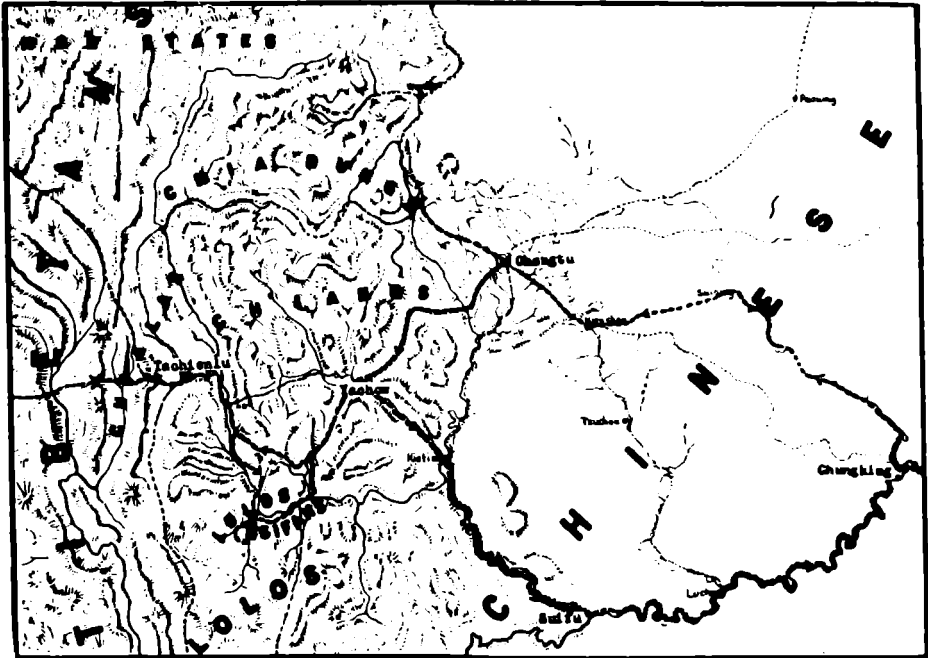
The subsequent history of this region is one of successive wars of conquest and rebellion. Decimation of the population has occurred times without number, the last being during the stubborn resistance offered by the Mings in this region at the time of the Manchu conquest. Repopulation in each case has occurred through the immigration into the area of peoples from the provinces on the east and north, and the present population is composed very largely of the descendants of peoples that have migrated into the region within the last two hundred years. Kansu, Shensi, Honan, Hupeh and Hunan have furnished the largest number of immigrants. Colonies of Kiangsi and Kwangtung people are also to be found in considerable numbers, as a rule remaining somewhat apart from the rest. One point of interest about these migrations is that they were usually family migrations, the people taking with them household gods and family traditions. Szechuan families of many generations have zealously retained their original provincial identity and proudly proclaim themselves to be Honanese or from Shansi, or from almost any other province rather than admitting an ancestry of Szechuanese line.

The only level spot in all Szechuan is the Chengtu plain—well called “the garden of Western China.” In this small area, only one hundred miles long and sixty miles wide, all the economic and other factors operating in the “red basin” are brought to a focus. Approximately forty-five million people, or over one-tenth of the population of China, find their home in Szechuan to-day—and over ten million of these are supported by the Chengtu plain.

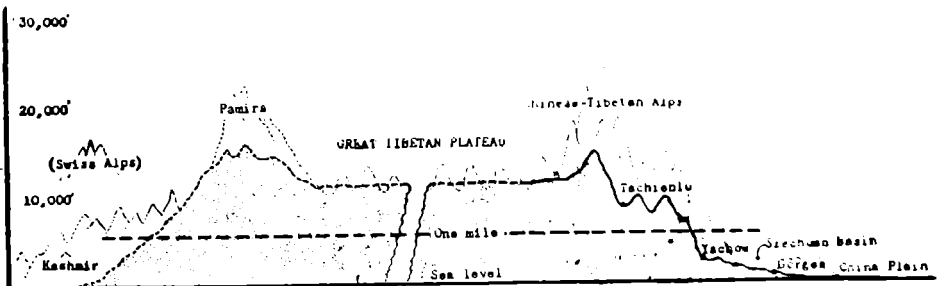
This tremendous human population, swarming at a saturation point of over eight hundred people to the square mile, maintains itself by the marvelous irrigation system built by Li Ping twenty-one hundred years ago. In this basin the early Chinese merely put into practice, in a spot marvelously favoured by nature for such a purpose, the lessons they had learned in far off Central Asia. The whole of the Chengtu plain is one enormous alluvial fan spread out over this expanded area by the Min River as it is suddenly released at Kwanhsien from the rocky gorges through which it has come down from the north. Over this alluvial plain, instead of being allowed to rush at will through channels of their own seeking and changing, the waters of the Min are divided at Kwanhsien, and, after provision being made for an overflow into the old stream bed thus maintaining a constant level in the canals beyond, the main body of the water is directed by means of an artificial cut through a small mountain spur and brought out upon the plain itself. There the waters are divided again and again through a capillary network of canals. These anastomose freely and supply the smallest cultivable patch of the area before they are finally gathered together at the southern border of the plain and are drained off ultimately into the Yangtze at Luchowfu after a tortuous course through the hilly salt-well region of southern Szechuan. Each year during the winter months this entire irrigation system is closed at Kwanhsien, the waters of the Min are sent back into their old course which skirts the snow ranges along the western border of the plain, and the irrigating canals cleaned out and got into readiness for the coming year. Each spring, with suitable ceremonies attended by thousands of pilgrims, the gates at Kwanhsien are reopened and the life giving waters again allowed to flow through their well regulated channels over this garden spot of Western China.

The different types of people at present occupying the Chinese portion of Szechuan need no explanation other than that of their diverse origin as mentioned above. Here, indeed, is a true melting pot, remelting and reblending, however, only the older fusions from other parts of China. Unlike the northern provinces, where a steady influx of alien blood is constantly being mixed with that of the Chinese, this western region seems to be receiving very little foreign blood from the non-Chinese populations on the west. What mixture with these peoples there is going on usually adheres to the non-Chinese or Tibetan element of the border population and is not diluting the Chinese nature of the populations of the region under discussion.

From Chengtu one looks westward at the mountain wall that shuts China in and Tibet out. To be sure Tibet does not begin, politically at least, at the first range to the west of Chengtu. Between this first snow



Map showing, in heavy dotted line, Dr. Paul Huston Stevenson's Route across the Szechuan Basin and through the Chinese Tibetan Borderland to Tachienlu and beyond. Other main roads shown in lighter dotted lines



East-west contour of the Tibetan Massif, showing Altitudes traversed in mounting the Eastern Rim

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range and Tibet proper there lies a difficult stretch of wild mountainous country. This strip of intervening borderland is roughly one hundred miles wide and extends from Sungpan and the Kunka pass in the north down to the south where it fans out among the still wild but lower mountain ranges of Yunnan and northern Burma. This Chinese-Tibetan borderland consists of a series of ranges and valleys mounting higher and higher as one progresses from east to west, like a series of steps leading up to High Asia.

In these valleys live "tribes-people" of obscure ethnic origins and relations. The anthropological problems presented by these peoples are worthy of much more study than has been given them. Here in larger or smaller mountain valley communities are to be heard the lingering tones of some of Asia's most primitive dialects, spoken daily by a decreasing number, however, as the Chinese language on the east and Tibetan on the west is being adopted more and more by the younger generations. Lolos and Hsifan groups to the south, Ch'iangs and Giarungs on the north — each representing tribal complexes with innumerable subdivisions into larger or smaller units—provide problems of tremendous interest to both physical and cultural anthropologists. Adequate study of these peoples requires a much longer and more intimate contact with them than has been the good fortune of any anthropologist so far to make, and the opportunity is one that will not be present long.

One of the oldest and largest of these tribal complexes is that known under the collective title of the Ch'iang peoples. The early annals of Chinese history make frequent reference to the Ch'iangs, whose ancient centre was not far from modern Yachow and whose golden age as a great independent kingdom was contemporaneous with the existence of the kingdoms of Shuh and Pa on their east. Since the days of the T'ang Dynasty in China, the Ch'iangs have been sorely pressed between the conflicting Tibetans and Chinese. The plundering Tibetans of this period, using the Ch'iang valleys as the gateways into the rich lowlands of Szechuan, formed alliances with the Ch'iangs and although making little ethnic impression upon them nevertheless did leave the impress of an early form of Tibetan Lamaism upon the country. Standing out prominently beneath this thin veil of early Lamaism, however, is the still earlier nature worship, the mysterious Bönpa sex-worship. Certain elements of this primitive worship have been adopted in turn by Lamaism and are to be found exhibited in some of the obscure idols of almost any Lama temple, but here in the lonely valleys of the Chiarungs is to be found still in actual practice to-day the last remnants of this ancient cult. In essentials, probably, this worship forms the underlying foundation of most of the religious systems of Asia.

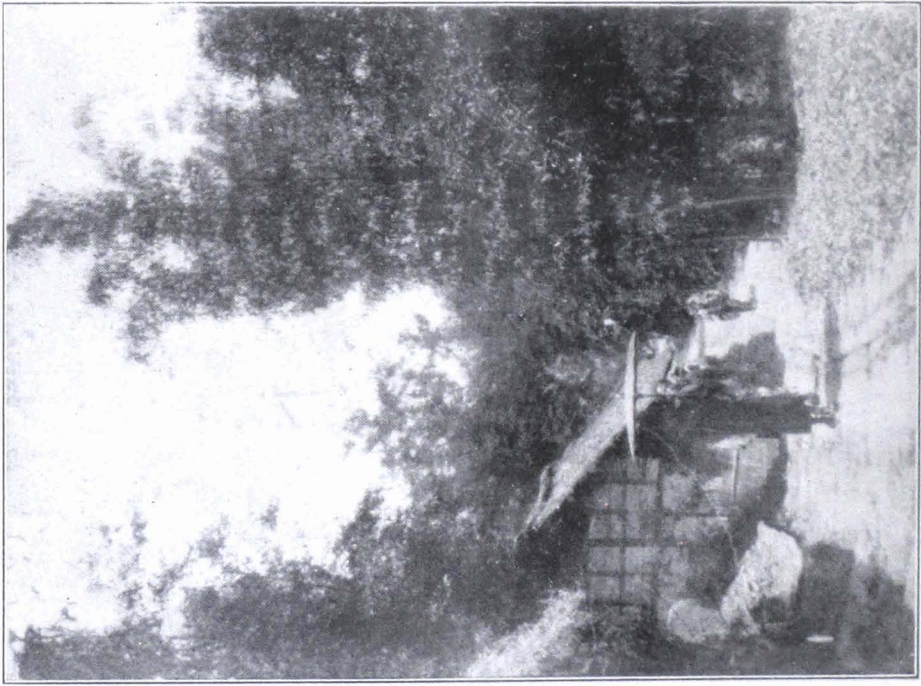
My first glimpse of the Ch'iang tribes-people was obtained at Kwanhsien. This city, already mentioned in connection with irrigation systems of the Chengtu plain, is situated about forty miles northwest of Chengtu and stands guard at a narrow opening leading out of the mountainous country beyond. It bears much the same relation to Chengtu both in direction and distance as does Nankow to Peking. The wild country beyond Kwanhsien is inhabited by a number of tribes grouped together

under the collective name of Giarungs. I was, unfortunately, unable to get farther into their country than a day's journey out and back along the road from Kwanhsien, but notes indicate that the few members that I saw were tall and rather muscularly built and distinctly un-Chinese in appearance. The skin of their faces takes on a reddish bronze tinge not unlike the American Indian. The large and well set head is surmounted by coarse straight black hair, the rather long face itself shows the same scantiness of beard that is found among the Chinese. The eyes are straight and moderately wide, the nasal bridge prominent and straight. The high cheek-bones were prominent in a forward rather than in lateral direction, and the chin long and prominent.

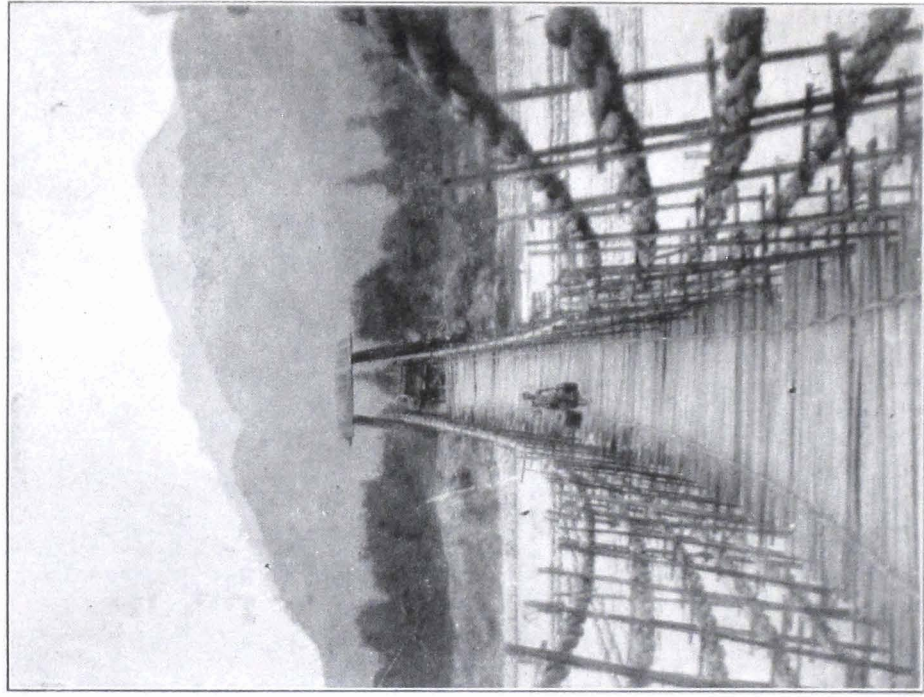
The women of this country, on any one of several counts, demand special note. Although not as pleasing in personal appearance (from an occidental viewpoint) as those of the Hsifan peoples to be met with several days' journey still to the west and south, yet they possess a certain forcefulness of character and bearing that compels attention. With characteristic aptness the ancient Chinese historians have called this region the "Eastern Kingdom of Women" (Tung Nü Kuo), thereby alluding to the fact that here as in another region to the west (and north) a matriarchal system of family and tribal rule prevails. In this region the principle of "women's rights" represents no shadowy or uncertain victory only recently wrested from the unwilling sterner sex, but rather constitutes the basic tradition of the land.

The few passing glimpses that I had of these scepter-bearing dames left me with kaleidoscopic impressions of small bodies, very fond of bright colours in dress, hair ornaments adorning faces that were very good looking when young but which aged rapidly, direct gazes and easy smiles that revealed in turn strong white teeth and ready tongues—in all a rather gypsy-like ensemble of feature and manner. I am quite ready to agree *in toto* with the description accorded this locally important section of the population by my friend Mr. Thomas Torrence of Chengtu, whose extensive travels among them and his appreciative observations lend authority to his small monograph, "The History, Customs and Religion of the Ch'iang." He says, "A Ch'iang girl's face is not her only fortune. She carries another of silver rings in her hair. Her full headdress is a most elaborate affair. For direct effectiveness of purpose Western millinery comes a long way behind. No European can describe its native charms. Only the ardour of a doting swain could do it justice. Sufficient here to say it is a wondrous maze of braided hair, shining silver, jewelled ornaments and fluted earrings enough to turn any youth's brain, very gaudy, very gay and very fascinating. A toss of the maiden's head with all that wealth on it means something here; a saucy look enforced by the flash of those precious stones means that it is absolutely crushing; while to the diffident wooer the very palpable evidence of so much maidenly industry makes the look in her eyes positively alluring. It is another case of "Gin ye dar' John."

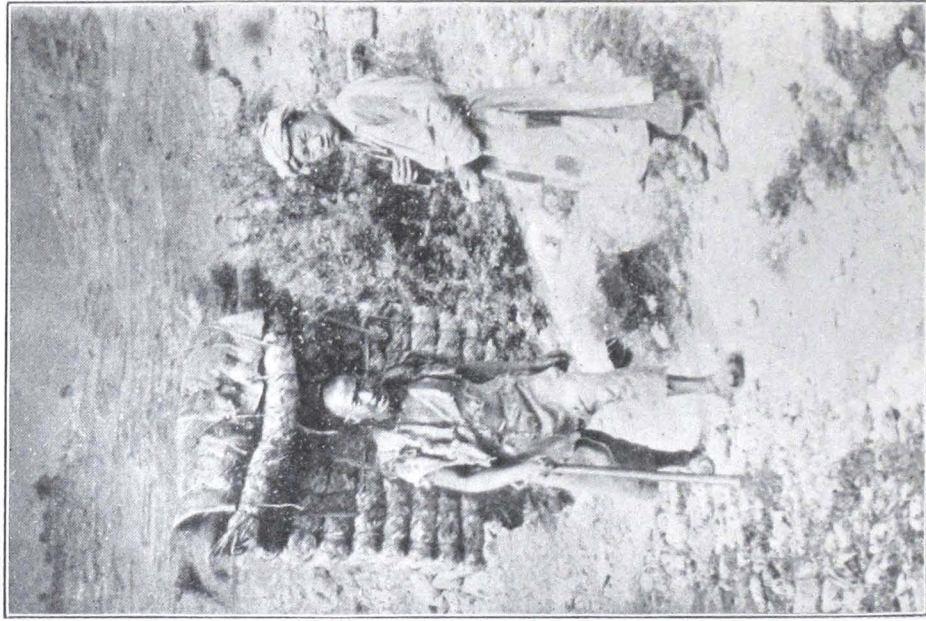
Other travellers having the opportunity to judge have described these people as identical with certain tribes people along the northern border of India, in Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan. Types of bridges used



Road through the Bamboo Groves of the "Red Basin" of Szechuan



A Rope Suspension-Bridge from Chinese Territory into the Tribes Country at Kwanhsien



A Tea Carrier nearing the Tibetan
Border



A Glimpse of the Tibetan Snow-peaks
from the East

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in crossing the mountain streams, and other points of architectural and cultural similarity between these widely separated population, are not found among the intervening peoples. If indeed these two peoples in the mountain valleys to the south and east of the main Tibetan highlands respectively are one and the same people, then the indication would be that they represent an earlier population of central high Asia and owe their present peripheral distribution to a displacement from their former intermediate home by the coming of the present Tibetans. One of the distinct features of their settlements is the tall chimney-like tower frequently found in or near their larger villages. The purpose of these has given rise to vain speculation on the part of all who have seen them. Certainly the significance of these tall towers is not exhausted by their limited use as storehouses, watchtowers or places of refuge. They evidently have some connection with the religious practices of the ancient Ch'iangs and may represent, as often suggested, phallic symbols.

Circumstances combined to prevent my making the trip I had hoped to make, namely, through the Chiarung country northwest of Kwanhsien and thence around through the Bati-Bawang country over a seldom travelled trail finally leading to Tachienlu. I was therefore forced to select the official Chinese road from Chengtu to Tachienlu, traversing thereby the southern section of the Ch'iang country. I was joined in this part of the trip by Dr. W. R. Morse and Mr. D. S. Dye of Chengtu, who were planning a mountain measuring expedition in the high mountain range region just beyond Tachienlu, and much of the pleasure and profit of the subsequent journey into the heart of the Chinese-Tibetan Alps was derived from association with these veteran West-China explorers.

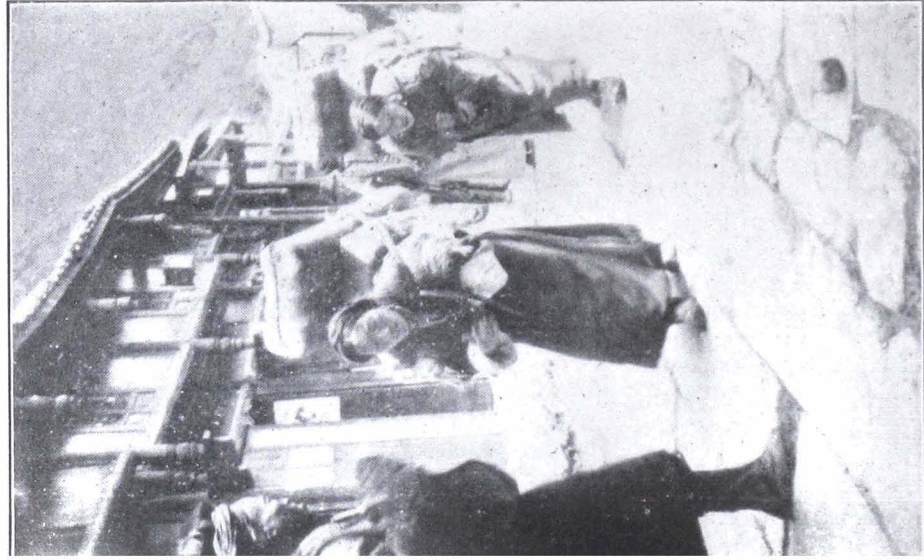
This section of the journey really began at Yachow, four days overland to the west and south of Chengtu. Yachow is a place of considerable importance for many reasons. It is here that the most important Chinese official of the border has his residence. Permission as well as escort must be obtained from this "Warden of the Marches" before the trip over the passes of the Chinese-Tibetan Marches that lie just beyond can be undertaken. We spent three days in obtaining these, and in repacking our luggage for the eight days of severe climbing that separated us from Tachienlu, our next objective.

The road leading over the difficult country just ahead is one of the most celebrated roads of all Asia, and is reputed to be the highest elevated trade route in the world. It is known as the great "Junglam" or official highway from China to Lhasa. It is not only one of the very few routes connecting Lhasa with the outside world, but is that by which Tibet has been subdued by China on several occasions. While the gates of Tibet have been tightly closed against the entrance of outsiders from the west and the south, and the wild impassable steppes of the Cheng Tang have effectually barred communications from the north, there has been for many centuries a steady intercourse carried on with China on the east. Practically the whole of the enormous Tibetan tea trade has been carried over these Chinese-Tibetan marches by way of Yachow and the frontier town of Tachienlu. Between Tachienlu and Lhasa there is still a long

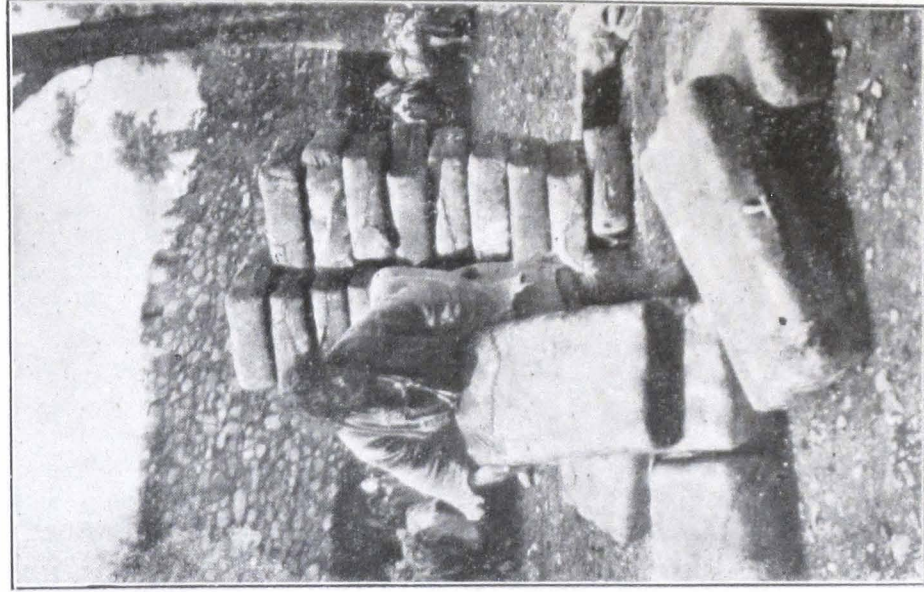
thousand miles, leading over a series of tremendous passes only one of which falls below the altitude of 16,000 feet. Over this road since the days of Kublai Khan there have passed every three years, until the days of the republic, Chinese high commissioners or Ambans proceeding to Lhasa with their enormous train of officials and soldiers; each making the return trip three years later with the spoils gathered during his term of office. Now this trail has lost most of its official importance and splendour and carries only the less spectacular but more vital tea trade that still exists, though in diminishing amount, between China and Tibet.

This famous road as it leaves Yachow strikes immediately into the high mountains, rising up to lofty passes and traversing a succession of deep valleys. The whole region presents wonderful opportunities for the study of physical as well as human geography. No better examples of the influence of mountain ranges on the distribution of moisture, for instance, could be asked for. Twice in the eight days that followed we climbed over passes more than nine thousand feet high. These passes represent the lowest notches in ridges that rise much higher and act as effective rain screens. On the windward side of these screens the mountain sides and valleys are drenched in the fine mists of the banked-up clouds. The dense semi-tropical growths of ferns, brackens, orchids and vine-festooned trees of the lower altitudes give way on the higher slopes to appropriate zones of deciduous and later coniferous forests, making the valleys on these moist sides of the ridges veritable botanists' paradises. On the other side of the ridges, however, except for a narrow zone of dwarf pines and shrubs clinging to the very top of the ridge where a few of the clouds are rolled up and over from the moist side, the country is dry and barren. Cactuses and lizards find few disputants of their claim to these sun-baked valleys.

The first part of the road makes a cross section through the southern edge of the tribes-country. To the north of the road are the Ch'iangs; to the south hidden away in a region known as "The Wilderness" are a few scattered Lolo tribes. The country actually passed through during the last five days of the trip was that of the northern Hsifans. Although the people along this road are mixed to a varying degree with the Chinese, whose inns and garrisons have brought about a certain amount of interbreeding between them and the non-Chinese natives of this region, yet almost every valley still shows its own particular physical type. In one valley, that of Yünching for instance, I found in most exquisite examples and in very large numbers the negroid type of facial features that I had been meeting in occasional individuals all the way from Chungking. A low stature, broad body build, rather large head and short neck, eyes showing no trace of Mongolian characters, a bridgeless nose consisting merely of a flattened up-turned tip arising abruptly from the middle of the face, a marked shortening of the middle third of the face, and a maxillary prognathism with moderately thick lips—these constitute the distinctive physical characters of these negroid-like individuals. Although I was to see curly hair and even one case of kinky hair among some of the Tibetan tribes farther west yet I failed to note any among this negroid element of the population.



Chiala Tibetan Women carrying Tea in
Tachienlu



Leather-wrapped Chinese Tea, awaiting a
Yak Caravan for the Interior of Tibet

Further west, in the valley of the Tung River in the Hsifan country, is a valley of beautiful women. I realize that the term just used is capable of individual interpretation, but the clean white skin, the delicate features, straight and wide open eyes, thin noses, small mouths, quite occasionally dimpled cheeks, and graceful carriage of the women of this region, have earned for them this pleasant characterization. These peoples belong to a northern group of the Hsifans and were in this region quite Sinosized in both dress and speech. I was privileged later to pass through the mountainous districts of these Hsifans several days to the south where they had retained their own native customs and dress. A little further on at Wassukou we left the Tung River, not, however, without a long look up the valley into the Mup'ing country, the home of some of the wildest aboriginal Ch'iang tribes in all of West China. The T'ung River as it comes down through this country is known as the Chin-Ch'uan or "Gold Stream," on account of the gold found in the stream-bed and throughout the region that it drains. The annals of Chien-lung record this region as the scene of some of the most difficult military expeditions of Chinese history. A day to the west brings us to Tachienlu.

The town of Tachienlu, as its Tibetan name "Darchendo" indicates, gets its name from the two streams, the Dar and the Chen, that come together there from the regions of eternal snows on the north and the west. After their juncture they undertake one of the wildest and most prolonged plunges I have ever seen, finally emptying their glacier fed waters into the "Gold River" at Wassukou eighteen miles to the east. All day long we travelled up the gorge of this wild Tachienlu stream—seemingly pitting our strength against the deafening roar as well as the force of the charging water. Nature seemed to be combining her forces in one last effort to keep us away from our goal—the Tibetan border just beyond. But each moment of the battle brought its own reward; each step seemed lightened with the exhilaration of accomplishment and fresh expectancy. Now and then the road would descend so near the rushing stream as to pass through the rainbow-tainted spray that dashed high above the roaring cascades below. Then again, as if to encourage the struggling traveller, the gorge-lined ribbon of sky would give a fleeting glimpse of the snow-peaks at whose feet lay Tachienlu and the promise of rest only a few hours away. The roar of the stream, the rainbows on the spray, the gradually nearing snow-peaks of Tibet made a fitting climax to the eight days of climbing that lay behind us—and this, the last of that stage of the journey, remains as one of the most to-be-remembered days of travel of my life.

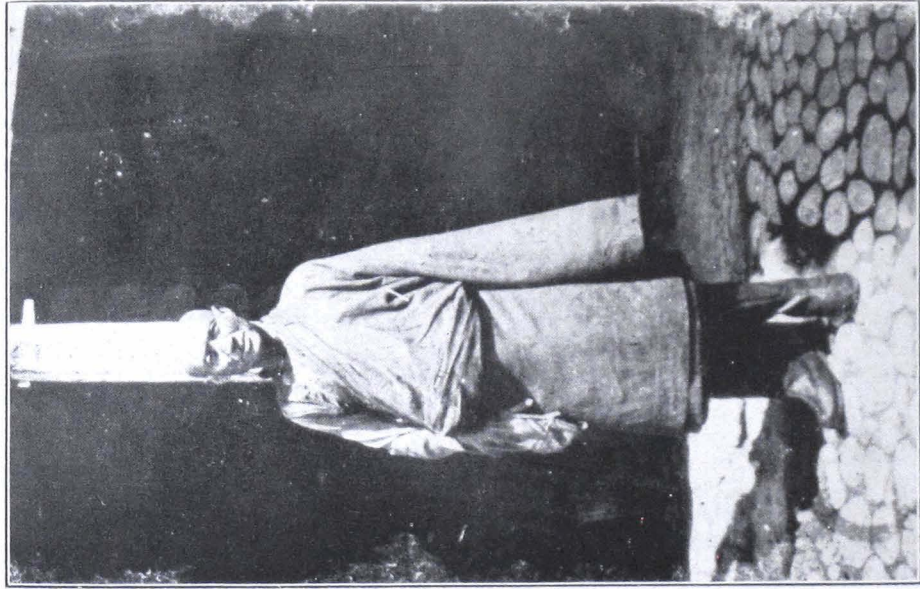
Tachienlu, the "Shanghai of Tibet," is the great eastern border town of Tibet. It constitutes the gateway into the best climated, best cultivated, richest in mineral wealth, and the most populous province of all Tibet—the eastern province of Kham. The town itself, in spite of its political and commercial importance, strikes a discordant note with its natural surroundings. Its filth and squalor are imposed at the foot of some of the most beautiful green-sloped, snow-crowned peaks in the world. There are only about ten thousand people, including a large floating population, in the city at any one time. These are divided between

Tibetans and Chinese roughly in the ratio of two Tibetans to one Chinese.

A distinct border atmosphere pervades the streets of Tachienlu—a restlessness, and the lure of the great beyond. Almost daily during my two short visits to the town I went to one or the other of the gates to watch the large yak caravans arriving from or starting off on their long journeys to the “roof of the world.” The caravans that take the western road begin almost at once their climb of the great Gi-la Pass, the first and lowest of many high passes along this great official highway through Batang and on to Lhasa. Those that choose the longer but easier road to the north first skirt the shoulder of Ta-pai-shan, seemingly only a stone’s throw away but in reality two long days’ journey, and then turn westward out of sight along the road that leads through Kanze and Chambdo and thence on to Lhasa through the great grass-lands of Derge. The pull of these caravans on my spirit was almost irresistible. May I be forgiven the chafing that I felt at the restraints that bound me.

Tachienlu is the former capital of the erstwhile Kingdom of Chiala, a semi-independent Tibetan state whose territory extends for several days journey in all directions from Tachienlu, but chiefly north, west and south. This petty kingdom first came under the influence of the Chinese during the Ming Dynasty in the early part of the fifteenth century, and has been maintained with varying degrees of autonomy as an administrative area under the subordinate rule of the King of Chiala until very recently. The history of the closing days of this illustrious family and the treatment accorded the last king of the Chialas by the Chinese is a tragic one. Opium, imprisonment, poison, exile and confiscations of property by local Chinese officials have operated to bring the royal family to an end within the short period of the last ten or fifteen years. To-day the king of Chiala is but a memory.

The Tibetans, even from a single area like that of the great eastern province of Kham, come far from presenting a picture of homogeneity in physical type. Although most standard works on the races of men describe the Tibetans as below the average in stature, and representatives from certain regions are indeed shorter than the average, yet my measurements of a random series of full-blooded Tibetans of this Kham region give an average stature (167.86 cm.) a little taller than the average height of mankind (165 cm.), making them but slightly shorter than the northern Chinese and considerably taller than the central and southern Chinese. As compared with the Chinese the Tibetans of the series measured also have longer and lower heads, much narrower noses, and comparatively longer and narrower faces. Aside from physical measurements, objective observations indicate a distinct difference between the Tibetans and the usual xanthodermic type of man that with minor and regional variations forms the bulk of the population of most of Eastern Asia to-day. The Tibetans of short stature were usually from some of the regions farther west, the Na-hsi for instance. Among these latter I saw also fine wavy hair and was told by Dr. Hardy of Batang that wavy or even curly hair is a more or less constant feature among some of the Tibetan tribes peoples near Batang, so much so indeed that the people frequently employ



A Tibetan Lama



A Tibetan Pilgrim

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“ anti-kink ” measures to straighten their hair to conform to the more commonly prevailing straight type of Tibetan hair.

The striking resemblance born by a considerable proportion of the Chiala-Tibetans seen in Tachienlu to the American Indian type is quite remarkable. Several years ago I had expected to note some such resemblance to the American Indian in the case of the Mongolians, but did not. I was quite unprepared to find this resemblance in the case of the Tibetans, but certainly found it. When this resemblance was first noted, in the case of several Tibetan women, I immediately dismissed the idea from my mind by attributing the impression to their swarthy complexions combined with a more or less American Indian method of dressing the hair. Day after day, however, as I had ample opportunity to study the people both of the town and from afar, I became more and more convinced of the presence of a fundamental type among them that was not only distinct from any other Asiatic type with which I was familiar, but which more closely resembled the American redskin in skin, hair, head and facial features, general body build and bearing than any other people I had ever seen. I was later much gratified and not surprised, therefore, at the coincidence of noting in one of the first papers that fell into my hands after nearly four months absence from the land of up-to-date news, that a similar impression had been recorded in the case of certain tribes-people of strong Tibetan mixture along the southern border of Tibet by one of the world's most experienced anthropologists, Professor Hrdlicka. He had been observing the Tibetan types along the southern border of Tibet at about the same time as I was studying them along the eastern margin. In the case of the individuals seen by me exhibiting most strongly the American Indian type, I noted that they seemed to be of the native and more or less fixed Chiala element of the population. A native language of this group, more primitive than the Tibetan that is now in common use among them, is reported to be still extant. In view of the purely hypothetical though very probable Asiatic origin of the American Indian, an intensive comparative study of these two groups from the standpoint of philology as well as of physical anthropology would certainly be of considerable interest and importance.

The position of the Tibetans in any of the classificatory systems of mankind has proved a stumbling block to almost every ethnologist who has attempted to define it. Observers early reported the presence of two prominent and distinct physical types among them. Turner's differentiation into a round-headed Mongolian or “ priestly ” type and a long headed “ warrior ” type, the latter drawn for the most part from the province of Kham, has gained general currency in the literature and has, if not applied too rigidly, considerable basis in common observation. Morant's recent studies on a series of Tibetan crania confirm this general opinion of two distinct types. One of these, that from the southern provinces, seems to be closely allied to the Malayan, Burmese, and certain strains he speaks of as existing in the southern Chinese, and may provide a physical basis for the so-called Tibeto-Burman group which exists so far on only philological grounds. The other Tibetan type, the “ Kham Tibetans ” which I visited, shows, according to Morant's investiga-

tions by the method of the Coefficient of Racial Likeness, no definite affinity with any other race living at present on the Asiatic mainland. His results suggest that these Tibetans probably belong to a well differentiated and pure stock, perhaps of a fundamental primitive human type similar to certain isolated primitive types found on some of the islands of the Pacific, similar isolation in the case of these Tibetans being due to the inaccessibility of Eastern Tibet. In view of the resemblance born by these Kham Tibetans to the American Indian as mentioned above, a careful study of a larger series of Kham Tibetan skulls, and a comparison of these through the Coefficient of Racial Likeness with a similar series of early American Indian skulls, would seem to be indicated and may be expected in the not too far distant future.

Tibet, as the much coveted but not often attained goal of explorers, owes a large part of its challenge to the fact that aside from the arctic and antarctic regions of our globe this high mountain-walled plateau represents what is perhaps physically the most inaccessible region of the earth. Tachienlu, though the gateway to the most populous part of the country and well within the eastern ethnic boundary, is still on the outer slope of the great mountain rim that surrounds this "top of the world."

After days of grateful rest in the home of hospitable missionaries, we repacked in true Tibetan style the small part of our baggage that it was necessary to take with us, and arranged for animals and men to take us up over the edge of the rim and onto what is aptly called "High Asia." My two companions were interested chiefly in measuring the heights of two mountain peaks that have been repeatedly reported by travellers passing through the region as rivalling Mount Everest in height. I went along to see something of Tibetan life out in the open.

The first day of travel out of Tachienlu led us up through the gradually rising and fertile valleys formerly belonging to the ruling family of the Chialas, but now controlled by the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. We camped that night at the foot of the great Che-to (Gi-la) Pass. The Tibetans have given the name Che-to (fire tongue) to this spot because of the hot springs that here issue from the ground at the base of the glacier-capped range. The second day saw us over the fifteen thousand foot pass—not, however, without our contributing an animal to the scores whose whitening skeletons lined the road. This unfortunately was the horse I was riding. Noticing signs of weakness in my beast the first thing in the morning, I began early in the day to favour him as much as possible by walking. I arrived late at the breakfast camp and found the rest of the party ready to start on. I insisted that they proceed, never dreaming that my horse, although perhaps a little slow, would not be able to see me over the pass. Hardly were my colleagues out of sight, however, before I gave up hope of being helped over the pass by the poor beast I was now leading. Thinking that the animal could get over, however, and recuperate in the grasslands during our stay beyond, I tugged and pulled at his head while the two mafoos who had stayed with me beat and pushed from behind. After an hour of such work over the most execrable roads imaginable, and in the rarified atmosphere of twelve thousand feet, we were soon as exhausted as the



A Chinese-Tibetan Half-breed



Our Tibetan Host and his Stairway

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horse. This latter member of the party finally was unable to take another step, and, in passing that way on our return some ten days later, we saw the freshly picked bones of the poor beast within a few feet of where we had abandoned him.

With the extra weight of the saddle, bridle and blankets divided among the three of us, we began the slow, hard climb. Now I regretted bitterly the efforts vainly wasted in urging on the dying horse, for every ounce of strength was going to be needed for the difficult climb that was in store. Through my field glasses during the frequent rests, I now and then caught glimpses of the rest of the party far up ahead—small moving figures whose progress I could follow more easily after they emerged from the zone of dark granite out onto the white background of the snow above. About noon I saw them disappear over the saddle of the pass at a spot that I reached some four hours later. Taking it slowly, and adopting the method of taking fifty slow paces and then stopping for five long deep breaths, and later decreasing the ratio of steps to breaths as the climb became steeper and the air rarer, I was in the end surprised at the ease with which I made the pass on foot. The descent, though only about half as long, was much more difficult than the ascent, and I was utterly exhausted when I arrived at the temporary camp of the party after another two hours of killing walking. My companions were much surprised that I had made the trip on foot, and were more than kind in alternating the loan of their animals for the remainder of the trip to our stopping place for the night. That night, too tired to eat any supper, and rolled in my sleeping bag on the dirt floor of a tumble-down Tibetan house, I would not have traded places with anyone else in the world. I was at last among the Tibetans in their own land.

To one who becomes used to the Chinese manner—whatever that is—the alert frank style of the average Tibetan is most refreshing. On this point one has to differentiate sharply, of course, between the ordinary folk of the road and the Lamas. These latter are in mind and manner a law to themselves. The ordinary Tibetan met with on the road greets you with a genuine smile, a short curt bow, and both hands extended with palms open, this latter gesture supposedly to show that his hands hold no weapons. If seated at his camp fire the Tibetan will seldom or never arise at your approach, for tending the fire is at all times a matter of the first practical importance. But your welcome is none the less certain. With his free hand your host will either direct you to, or arrange for you, a seat among his leather bags and saddle trappings. As soon as the water over his small fire comes to a boil, tea is brewed, a little tsamba (parched barley flour) is then added, together with a little yak butter. The latter two ingredients after the excess of tea has been drunk, are kneaded together into a ball which is then eaten from the hand. The whole provides a very nutritious and tasty meal. The Tibetans make liberal use of meat, chiefly mutton and beef, in their diet, and, in spite of a conspicuous lack of green vegetables, seem to have a fairly satisfactory dietary.

The next ten days were filled with experiences and observations of Tibetan life and customs that call for more comment than the present

space allows. Their houses, clothing and food; their polyandrous marriage relations whereby one woman has several husbands; their method of disposal of the dead by cutting up and feeding the corpse to the eagles and vultures, or, if unable to afford the priestly ceremonies attending this practice, the slower method of complete dissolution brought about by the nibbling of the fishes and stream action; and the Tibetan "Wheel of Life," that complete cosmogony as well as philosophy of human existence—all these seem strange, but are, after all, more logical than anything any other civilization can at present offer in their place for adoption under the same circumstances of life.

The longest to be remembered scenes of this part of the expedition were those of the snow mountains—well named the "Alps of Chinese-Tibet." Friends of mine who have seen both are emphatic in their declarations that these of the Chinese-Tibetan borderland are many times more magnificent than the Alps of Switzerland. My first glimpse of these awe-inspiring mountains was obtained while on my way from Chengtu to Kwanhsien. Then, for a brief half hour, the western horizon had been swept clear of its mists—a rare occurrence for the summer season of constant cloudiness—and there, seemingly almost within reach, stood revealed this glittering range of pure white crystal peaks. Then the mist curtain formed again as quickly as it had been drawn aside, and the scene remained only a memory. I was conscious of having looked upon one of Nature's masterpieces.

Here on the Tibetan highland, however, I was privileged to enjoy many closer and longer views of this same snow range and of even grander peaks beyond. For a whole week we were camped on an observation point over 13,000 feet high with our theodolite trained on one or other of two towering peaks reported by some travellers to equal if not exceed Mount Everest in height. From our pinnacle we were completely encircled by 360 degrees of awe-inspiring panorama. Sweeping partially around us to the north and the south was the mighty snow range containing the two peaks that we had come to measure. To the west, as far as the eyes could see, extended a vista of lesser ranges—looking for all the world as if a tossing sea had suddenly become frozen. Here and there some of the snowy whitecaps stood out more prominently than others, while the troughs of the snow-crested waves showed varied shades of green. It is little wonder that these mountains have so impressed themselves upon the simple people who look up to them generation after generation from the valleys below. Standing sombre and silent throughout all time, controller of winds and watchful guardian of the passes, the first to catch the pink of each new-born day and the last to pale when the evening glow fades—who can blame the simple nomad for peopling these magnificent mountain peaks with the spirits of the air. Here, if anywhere, are the homes of the gods.

Winding its way westward, in and around and up and over these mountain waves is the road to inner Tibet and to Lhasa. Forming a part of a Tibetan "Mani" (prayer) pile out on the main road to Lhasa, is a queerly shaped stone of white quartz that I placed there to mark the point of my "farthest west." It marks only a step, to be sure, into that



Tibetan Nomads camped for the Night



Tachienlu Snow-peaks from the West

great country of mysteries. But should good fortune ever take me back again for a longer and closer study of the people of that land, this stone shall be the starting point of my onward trek. Should my lot never again lead me thither, then those ten days will continue to hold a place all their own in my life's history. Crowded into that brief span of time—richly flavoured at times with yak butter (and hairs), enlivened at others by touching episodes with wild Tibetan horses and still wilder Tibetan dogs, wonderfully enriched at all times by many personal contacts with simple nomads and kindly Tibetan household hosts, and solemnized by the silent presence of some of the world's highest and grandest snow-clad peaks—these are experiences that I count among the greatest of my life. They come to but few men of my race.

Several things combined to delay for a few days our departure from Tachienlu after our return there from the Tibetan grass-lands. In the first place I was anxious to increase the number of full-blooded Tibetans recorded in my series of anthropometric measurements. Again, a caravan from Lhasa had been reported as nearing Tachienlu, this being the first after many months of interruption on account of the fighting in Szechuan, making it a gamble as to what the caravan would find in Tachienlu after all the months of travel. This factor of internal disturbance in China is turning more and more of the Lhasa trade, against the Tibetans' will, toward the more certain Indian frontier on the south. Furthermore, a courier, who had passed us some time during the week we were in our Tibetan encampment, had arrived in Tachienlu reporting the impending arrival of Dr. Hardy and his family and Dr. Osgood, who were coming out this way from Bataug. Dr. Osgood being an old friend of mine of former Central China days, and Dr. Hardy being known personally to the other members of the party, we were all anxious to await their arrival. Dr. Osgood joined our party and was one of the number included in the experiences that form the substance of the next pages.

My next objective was to get a glimpse of the Lolos. Ever since leaving Yachow for Tachienlu I had been making enquiries along the way as to routes and distances across the stretch of country known as the wilderness that intervened between the Yachow-Tachienlu section of the Chinese-Tibetan highway and the northern border of Lololand. At Liu-ting-chiao on the return trip, therefore, I made preparations to leave the main party. Sending the bulk of my luggage back to Yachow with them, I intended to travel with a single carrier southward along a route that I had pieced together from a variety of sources. My companions tried their best to dissuade me from making the trip; but I had not travelled all the way from Peking to be easily turned aside from my purpose of seeing the most unique and mysterious people of all Asia. The rest of the party were then seized with a growing desire also to have a look at the Lolos, and when the hour of separation arrived they cast their lot with mine in the Lolo expedition. Wise or unwise, we finally started with our whole caravan of thirty-two people down through the wilderness.

At Liu-ting-chiao there is a choice of two small roads that leave the main road and follow the T'ung Ho southward, one on either side of the

river, through the Hsifan country and on to the edge of Lololand about five days distant. We finally chose the road on the east side of the river, finding in Liu-ting-chiao a merchant bound for Ning-yueh who admitted having once travelled this small road several years before and who agreed to turn off with us and act as our guide. We left the main road at Len-chi, some distance beyond Liu-ting-chiao, where it turns sharply to the east and up into the mountains. Our small road continued south across the alluvial fan that fills the widened valley at this point. Sen-sen is a small village about two miles off the main road, and from here on the road becomes a mere path. Ten miles more of rather difficult but picturesque travelling brought us at dark to Chiao-ch'uan where we spent the night in a squalid inn.

We were now in the Hsifan country, with an increasing number of White Lolos seen as we got farther south. The people of the village in which we found ourselves that first night, although to outward appearances thoroughly Sinosized, were nevertheless quite different from the Chinese. Our men became acutely aware of this before we did and the next morning our Chinese carriers made a strong bid to turn back. Had the experiences of the next four days been at that time behind rather than still ahead of us I am not so sure but that the other members of the party would have heartily joined or even led the mutiny. Blissfully ignorant of what lay ahead for such a caravan as ours, however, and disliking to see our Lolo expedition end before it had really begun, we resolutely quelled the mutiny and pressed on.*

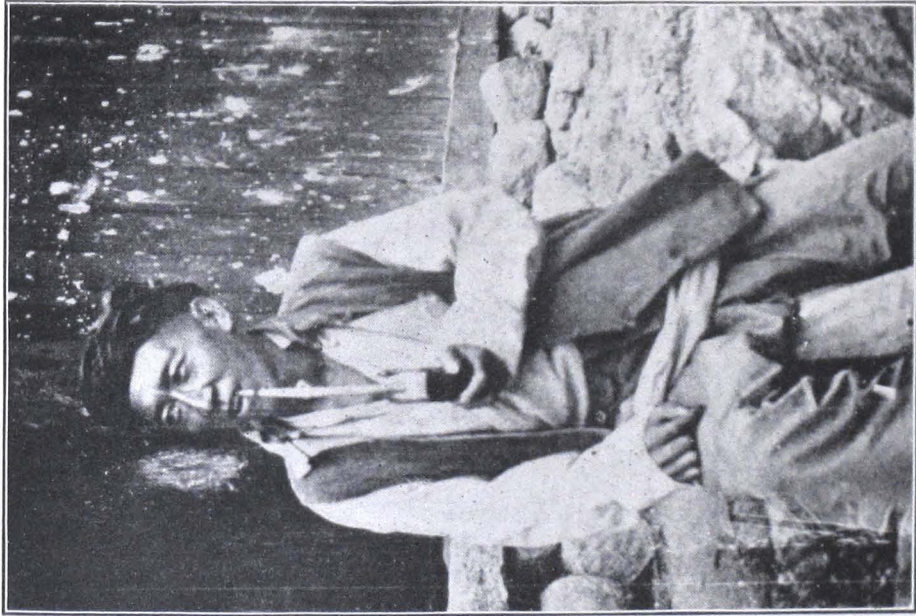
That next day's travel followed the T'ung Ho, the valley of which widened out somewhat and descended to an altitude where bamboos and rice fields again appeared in the landscape. Not more than ten miles were covered during the day, however, owing to the late start in the morning and also to the fact that early in the afternoon we reached the foot of a pass with not enough time left that day in which to go over it. The afternoon's rest in a small riverside village called Tei-t'ou, together with an unexpectedly good meal and baths all round, restored for the time being the spirits of our Chinese carriers. Threatened desertions were forgotten and after a good night's sleep the whole caravan was ready for the usual daylight start in the next morning.

We learned that day why this country is called "The Wilderness." My diary records the note that this was the worst day's travel of the whole

*For the benefit of any future traveller happening to read this note before undertaking a trip through this region, I merely add that this mountainous country provides neither the food, the equally necessary cheap opium, nor the accommodation for a caravan of epicurean, rice and pork eating Chinese carriers from the lower Szechuan plains. In addition to the all-important problem of food and lodging there is an inherent enmity between the Chinese and the natives of the region, amounting in the Lolo regions farther south to a well justified fear on the part of the Chinese that becomes almost a panic once they are confronted with the prospect of travelling off the main Chinese road. With his luggage reduced to an absolute minimum, however, and packed in loads of not more than forty or fifty cattles and carried on native carriers' backs, and with one trusted Chinese personal servant and the proper credentials from the local native chiefs (T'u-ssu), no foreigner really interested in the country and its people need hesitate about leaving the main highway and travelling through the region I visited.



A Buxom Hsifan Matron.



A Sinocized Hsifan Inn-keeper.

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trip up to that point. The road left the river and immediately started its ascent. With only one short stop, that for breakfast on some luscious wild mulberries found growing in abundance in a small clearing, our steady climb continued until two o'clock in the afternoon. At that time our aneroids recorded an altitude of over nine thousand feet, or approximately a mile above our starting place of the morning. But it was neither the height nor the steepness of the climb that made the day's travel memorable. It was the denseness of the vegetation through which we had almost to cut our way for nearly ten of the eighteen hours that elapsed before we found shelter that night.

Practically every step of the day's travel, both climb and descent, was through a dense thicket of giant ferns and vine-covered undergrowth. Overhead, cyprus, oak, redwood, cryptomerias and pine trees stretched their moss-covered trunks higher and higher in an effort to escape into the sunlight above. Underneath, everything was damp, dark and silent, except for the dripping of water from the tangled vines and branches overhead. The matted jungle was dripping wet, cloud after cloud sweeping over the mountain side and leaving its moisture on the massed vegetation, and soon we likewise were soaked to the skin. Fallen and decaying trees and tangled uncovered roots made the footing difficult. In places the only opening up through the thicket was the stream bed, and over rocks and through rills we waded and climbed. Zigzagging back and forth through a gloomy tunnel with only occasional small clearings, we finally reached the top after nine hours of the most fatiguing climb of the whole trip. The descent for another two hours was through a similarly tangled undergrowth, leading out below on to a savanna-like country with tall grass completely hiding the caravan as it wound its way along toward a doubtful stopping place called Yu-hsia-ping (the level spot below the rain).

Hsifans and White Lolos jointly occupied the region, the former in the valley and the latter up on the hillsides. Finding no possibilities of obtaining food or lodging for the night in any of the scattered huts around us, we rested for an hour and then decided to press on over a clay ridge into the parallel valley to the south to a village called Wa-k'ou-pa. "Lost on the mountain side" would be a suitable title for the next few hours' experiences. A heavy rain began to fall about six o'clock and it was not until ten o'clock that night that our soaked and exhausted caravan crawled into shelter. Behind us lay our record day—eighteen hours of solid trekking through a wilderness. Drying out as best we could, we rolled into our bedding about midnight, none of us dreaming of the narrow escape from death that awaited two of us on the morrow.

Our late arrival and wetting the night before made the business of getting started the next morning a slow one. It was not until eight o'clock that all hands—including two stragglers who had lost their way and spent the night in a hut on the mountain side—were ready to start. Tzu-ta-ti, our still two days distant destination, was on the other side of the river, and our carriers, gambling for a split-fee, allowed themselves to be persuaded by the ferryman that this was our only chance of getting across the river. After talking price with the ferryman and

shaving it from seven to three dollars, we started for the point of embarkation about half a mile up the stream. I had happened to go down to the water's edge earlier in the morning and had seen an old sunken boat tied up to the bank. I could hardly believe my senses when upon this second trip I saw a group of men hard at work pulling this sunken derelict out of the water and bailing it out. It proved to be the ferry-boat. The apparent readiness of the eight or ten oarsmen to make the trip testified to their own faith in the craft, and in addition we had already used up considerable energy in getting the caravan under way so that the prospect of turning back was not pleasant. In the face of the one hundred yards of seething torrent that separated us from the other side, the ensuing demonstration of the ability of two men to keep the water inside the boat down to a reasonable level by vigorous bailing was a necessary preliminary to our final decision to risk it.

The size of the boat precluded more than a third of our men and baggage going over at once, making three trips necessary. Our slowest baggage was sorted out and sent over in the first load, accompanied by Morse and Osgood. Dye and I stayed behind with the remainder of the caravan. Dye won the toss for the second trip, but, the boat this time being overcrowded, he finally remained behind with me to bring up the rear with the last of the escort and a few empty-handed coolies. Ours, the last, was by far the lightest of the three loads, and, when the time came for launching out, the boatmen left one of their number behind, apparently feeling able to handle the boat without him.

The technique of crossing consisted of pulling a certain distance upstream on the near side, and then casting off into the swift current and making with might and main for a stretch of still back-water behind a rocky promontory that projected into the stream from the opposite shore some distance below. Once the little bay of back-water was reached the struggle was over, and the boat gently eased into shore. Should the boat have failed to make this spot, however, and have been caught in the raging current that dashed against the outstretched projection the results would have been most serious, since we would either have been dashed against the projection itself or thrown among the jagged rocks that split the seething water into narrow ribbons of white foam a little distance below.

Shortly before noon all was ready for the third and final crossing. From the appointed spot to which our boat had been towed on our side of the stream we suddenly shot out into the current and were borne along at an incredible speed, tossed the while up and down like a cork on an angry sea. Straining every muscle in the terrific battle against the current, the oarsmen, already nearly exhausted by the two previous trips across and back, staked their remaining strength on the losing side of a heart-rending struggle. Suddenly the look of terror on their faces as they increased the pace of their weakening strokes aroused us to our danger. Our boatmen had miscalculated both their remaining strength and that of the current. Horrified we watched our now rapidly filling craft being borne down with lightning speed against the projection. Instead of being our means of safety this rocky spur seemed destined to be our

destruction, for missing it was now impossible. Our frail shell became quite unmanageable in the increasing fury of the piled-up water that dashed against the rocky promontory. Swerving suddenly we met the impact with our broadside, and with a crash the two long oars on that side of the boat were crumpled endwise into splinters. Saved by the out-stretched sweeps, our boat was hurled out into the mad current again, and we were for a moment too dazed to note that the impact that had miraculously been received by our now shattered oars had sprung the whole side of the boat to which they had been attached. Water was spouting up into the boat from almost its entire length. Apparently prepared for such an emergency, the momentarily petrified boatmen suddenly awoke, and, as one man, tore off their turbans and sashes and began stuffing them in the crack. The boat was now nearly full of water and being shot down stream at express-train speed.

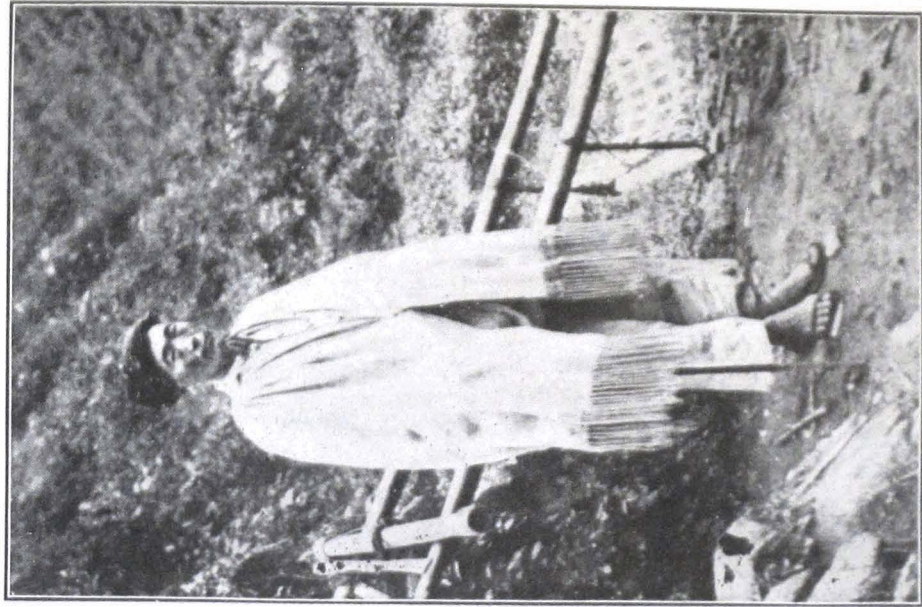
Dye and I began to divest ourselves of extra weight that would reduce our chances in the water—hopeless chances at best. But in the final moment we had failed to count on the instinct of self preservation that had suddenly electrified the boatmen. With the most frantic expenditure of human energy that it has ever been my lot to see, these almost exhausted men were now fighting for their very lives. The question of life or death depended upon whether the men could, with the two remaining oars and the long stern sweep, battle their way back across the current to where they could beach the boat among the smaller rocks further down on the other side. Failing this, our fate against the giant rocks in mid-stream just below was all too clear. Standing idle against our wills, there being no room for us at the plunging oars, we could but watch the struggle and wait the outcome. Inch by inch we neared the rocky mouth of a mountain stream lying just above the rapids below. With almost super-human effort we reached it. Dropping their oars and stopping the frantic bailing, the utterly exhausted men let the boat gently sink on the shingle bottom they had reached. The battle was won. With the greatest difficulty we managed to keep our feet in the swift current through which we waded over waist-deep to shore. Dye and I were able to help our now completely exhausted rescuers and soon we were all on dry land. For a moment we stood held to the spot as if by a magnet, looking in dumb silence out over the baffled water that roared by at our feet. It was only then that we realized the full significance of the experience through which we had just passed.

We were now back on the side from which we had started. It mattered little to us that we were separated from our baggage by a stream that we had no heart to try to cross again that day, even if the boat could have been recovered and repaired. None of the rest of the party had the least inkling of our plight because of a previous understanding that they should press on immediately when once across the stream. Owing to the sheer precipice on the other side of the stream, the road ran some little distance back from the top of the bluff, and although we repeatedly stopped and scanned the opposite shore through our glasses it was not until late that afternoon that we sighted some of the carriers at a point where their road ran for a piece along the river's edge. We in turn were

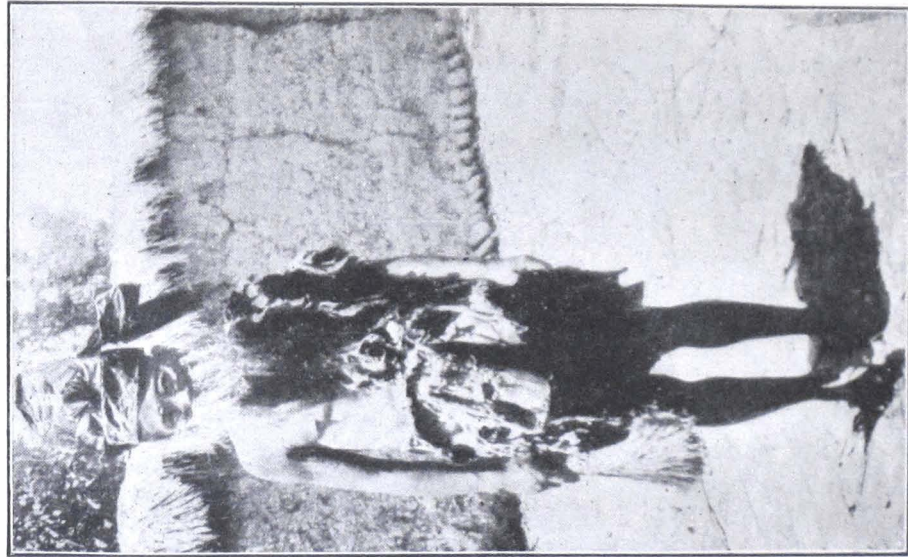
soon seen by them, much to their astonishment, but the noise of the stream precluded our getting any message across. We proceeded on our way knowing that soon our whereabouts would at least be duly reported even if not fully explained to the other members of the party. Except for several subsequent wettings through having to wade through a series of small mountain affluents, and a sleepless and coverless night spent in a tobacco loft until we were finally driven by the cold to break into the kitchen of an adjoining farmhouse where we built a fire and kept warm until daylight, the rest of this stage of the journey was without incident. We made an easy crossing of the river not more than three miles above Tzu-ta-ti and arrived there about noon. The rest of the party were waiting for us in the village temple, they also being thoroughly exhausted by the arduous travel of the last two days.

Tzu-ta-ti is only a small market town, situated at the point of the big eastward bend of the T'ung River. Devoid of interest to the usual traveller, it was of extreme interest to me because of the residence nearby of a Hsifan chief, one Wang T'u-ssu, whose rule extends not only over the Hsifans of the district but also over the large number of Black Lolos who inhabit the mountains immediately to the south. As far back as Wa-k'ou-pa I began to learn of the importance of this chief from the conversation of the people of the region through which we had been travelling. Although I was armed with no letter to him I nevertheless decided that I would make a bid for his friendship and protector, both of which would be absolutely necessary for success and safety in my plan to tarry a few days in the neighbourhood in order to see something of the Black Lolos. I decided to call on him immediately and learn my fate. While the rest of the party, who had had more than enough of this wild country, were resting and getting ready for an early start towards home the next morning, I finally found a villager, who, in spite of the rain, volunteered to show me the way to Wang T'u-ssu's home. A good hour's walk, a crossing of an iron suspension bridge, a trip up a narrow ravine, and finally a short climb brought us to his house.

My coming had not been unannounced. I found waiting for me a young man of only about twenty-five years of age who had succeeded to his hereditary office on the death of his father three years before. By what means he had come by the information I never learned, but he was in possession of all the essential facts about our party, our route, the number of our carriers, our narrow escape from drowning, and other details of our journey into his country. I did not tell him at once my purpose to remain in the neighbourhood for a few days, and was not encouraged by his obvious relief and expression of pleasure when, in answer to his enquiry, I told him that the party was leaving at once and passing on to Fulin. The young chief spoke perfect Mandarin, having attended from boyhood a Chinese school in Fulin, the nearest Chinese city, only two days away. To my great disappointment he persisted in discounting his Hsifan lineage on every occasion, and chose to assume the haughty role of a Chinese official. His Chinese schooling had quite gone to his head. On several occasions he seemingly went out of his way to show his utter contempt for Hsifans and Lolos alike, and took



White Lolo wearing a typical Lolo Cape.



A Hsifan Witch Doctor.

childish delight in exhibiting his ability to write Chinese characters and appreciate Chinese pictures, several rather inferior examples of which were hung on his guest room walls.

The prize possession of this young Hsifan prince, however, was a photograph just recently received of one of his former school friends. His wonder at the process by which such a perfect likeness could be reproduced on a mere piece of paper knew no bounds. When I told him that I could perform a similar miracle in his case he was at first incredulous. When I next, not any too modestly I fear, demonstrated my ability in the form of a picture that I had with me of my wife and children, his wonder was equalled only by his enthusiasm and desire that I lose no time in further words but proceed immediately with a demonstration of the magic art with his royal highness himself as my subject. Upon learning of the light requirements necessary for the process, his edict was that I should remain behind the rest of the party for a day, or more if necessary, he at the same time offering me guides that would take me over a shorter path that would allow me to catch up with my friends without loss of time. So anxious was he that I should not escape that he even insisted upon being allowed to send into the village for my baggage and keep me as his guest. It would not have been politic to surrender the advantage of my position by revealing my real feelings at this unexpectedly fortunate turn of events, so I pleaded the necessity of spending the night in the village with my friends, and, with a show of reluctance that was far from real, promised to return the next day fully equipped to perform the magic rite of taking his picture.

Space does not allow a detailed account of the events of the three days that I was the guest of this Hsifan chief. True to my word I performed several real miracles during these days, though some of them I fear were not recognized as such by my host. Nice tender little green garden snakes, for instance, only too faintly or not at all disguised by the scant preliminary culinary treatment to which they had been subjected before being served, constituted the chief delicacy of the season, and provided more than once the occasion for gastronomic feats of which I had not dreamed myself capable. In the lesser realm of photography my chief miracle was in successfully foiling my persistent young host's efforts to unroll the exposed films to make sure that the images that I assured him were safely recorded thereon were indeed actually there. I can only hope that the pictures I subsequently mailed him from Peking restored to a degree his shaken confidence in the matter. All in all the days were most pleasantly and profitably spent. The free and easy manner of this young chief contrasted strongly with that of his grandfather, who, forty years before, had denied Colonel Baber an audience with him on account of their inability to adjust to the satisfaction of both parties the delicate question of the *ko-tow*.

Before passing to the description of the Lolos, a few words about the Hsifans may be in place. Under this indefinite title, a Chinese term meaning simply "Western Barbarians," is included a large number of unrelated non-Chinese peoples scattered here and there along the frontier. In Western Yunnan, for instance, the name is indiscriminately applied

to a polyglot of hybrid tribes predominately of Tibetan mixture. The peoples bearing the same name throughout the T'ung River region, on the other hand, show no trace of Tibetan relations. The Hsifans among whom I travelled for ten days, from Len-chi down through the wilderness and around back to Ch'ing-chi-hsien by way of Fulin, are a people of medium to low stature, with more regular facial features, a whiter skin and rosier complexions than the Chinese. At the same time they lack the coarseness and robustness of the Tibetans or Ch'iang tribesmen to their west and north. The Hsifan women, alluded to above as the redeeming feature of an otherwise barren valley to the north, are consistently impressive as a type apart from the usual Asiatic woman. They possess figures and features that would be considered handsome in any occidental country. In the case of the Hsifans there is little of the aloofness shown by the Lolos, Chiarungs and other non-Chinese peoples of the region. The men have adopted the Chinese short jacket and loose trousers, with the long gown for overwear, also the Chinese written and spoken language and Chinese customs in general. The women have retained more of their native dress, especially the distinctive decorations in bright borders and silver jewellery, but in their case also one sees the tendency to adopt Chinese ways.

Among these Hsifans we see in operation the process of absorption of a non-Chinese element by the Chinese. To a greater or less degree this process has been going on along the southern and western periphery of the Chinese peoples ever since their development of that cultural entity that goes under the name of the Chinese civilization. By degrees the slow but sure process of cultural substitution goes on. First the men, and in later generations the women also, begin to adopt the Chinese language and customs. Finally, perhaps without a drop of Chinese blood in their veins, they come to consider themselves Chinese and will even resent any chance suggestion to the contrary. Just as it is most difficult in Peking to-day to get a Manchu of the common class to admit his race, so I met several groups of Hsifans as I neared Fulin that showed a tendency to be genuinely offended at my supposition that they were anything other than Chinese. The pride that young Wang T'u-ssu took in his own Chinese schooling and in the Chinese school that he maintains for the Hsifan children of his immediate community shows that the desire to become Chinese has triumphed over other considerations of racial stock, even in the case of the ruling class among this aboriginal tribal element. The apparent disappearance of the Shans throughout the country south of the Yangtze is probably a cultural disappearance only, a mere external conversion in the case of a large part of the earlier Shan population from their own to the Chinese way of living. The typical Cantonese is probably a Shan in blood and mind, having merely given up his original for the more advanced material culture of the later Han extraction.

The ultimate significance of such a fusion, whether it means a profit or a loss to the elements involved, is a real question. A recent student and candid critic of China has given it as his opinion that the process has almost invariably meant that whole nations "of self-reliant, energetic

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warriors, with free and easy minds, have sunk like sheep into the mire ; and in the process of becoming Chinacized have become while yet unabsorbed, a helpless, purposeless, spineless mob of independent idlers." This is a strong generalization, applying, it must be admitted, with a great degree of accuracy to the fate of the successive waves of Tartar conquerors from the north. The question of the applicability of the same generalization, however, to the Sinocization of such primitive elements as the Hsifans, for instance, depends, of course, in the beginning upon the intrinsic original attributes of such peoples. On this point, in regard to the Hsifans at least, little is at present known.

Lying south of the T'ung River, after it turns eastward at Tzu-ta-ti and continues to flow in that direction almost until it empties into the Min at Chiating, is a country that is, perhaps, the wildest and least known region of all China. Into these mountains there has retreated a people as unique and unapproachable as the country itself. Too proud and too strong to submit to the rule of another, the Lolos have proved a bitter thorn in the flesh of the Chinese for many centuries. They are believed to have at one time played a very large part in the history of the whole southwestern region of what is to-day called China, and their racial stock, represented in tribal communities of most diverse names and descriptions, has a more nearly universal distribution throughout this same region than any of the other so-called aboriginal peoples of this part of Asia. The purest remnant of the Lolos still holds unbroken sway over a surprisingly large tract of land, approximately two hundred miles long and nearly half as wide. This area is located in South-western Szechuan, and is marked on honest maps either as "Lololand" or the home of the "Independent Lolos." The latter qualification is necessary to differentiate the inhabitants of this area from the so-called "tame Lolos," who, with various amounts of mixture with Chinese blood and culture as mentioned above, are to be found in scattered groups over a much larger area under a variety of names and states of subjection to Chinese rule.

The term "Lolo" itself is supposed to be weighed with an ignoble meaning by the Chinese who coined it, and the name "No-su" or "Ngo-su" is used by the people themselves. The former and more familiar term has become current through usage, however, and as commonly employed in writing is devoid of any stigma that may have been attached to it in the minds of its originators. The terms "Black" and "White" Lolos are differential terms of the greatest importance. The Black Lolos, or "black bones," as these particular Lolos proudly speak of themselves—with no more absurdity than is in the analogous use and identical meaning of our own term "blue blood"—are the freemen or nobles of the race. With most rigid taboos against marriage outside the circle of blood aristocracy these Black Lolos represent the pure blood stock of the race. The White Lolos or "white bones" on the other hand are of the serf class and against their interbreeding with the Chinese or other captive slaves there has been no interdiction. Numbers of these White Lolos were to be seen throughout the wilderness through which we had passed, particularly in the valley just over the jungle-pass after leaving Tei-t'ou. Although the typical Lolo skirt is worn by the White Lolo women yet in

other respects, especially in physical features, both men and women show the extreme variability that is to be expected from their highly mixed ancestry. It is to be regretted that pictures of these White Lolos with their strong admixture of Chinese and other alien blood have so often been published as unqualified representatives of the Lolos.

Several friendly groups of Black Lolos live no more than a half day's climb from Wang T'u-ssu's home, and representatives from the two nearest of these came to see me in response to a summons from my official host. The presents of chickens, apples, corn, turnips, and potatoes that they brought with them quite justified the extra carrier necessary to take them along and were put to good use in the following few days in a country where suitable food was hard to get. Although yielding no physical measurements, my study of this and later groups of Lolos nevertheless proved of the greatest interest to me.

The frigidly cold and unbending attitude of this first group of Black Lolos provided a study in those psychical attributes of race that lie deeper and are more fundamentally important in race relations than skin colour and hair form. Here indeed was an unmiscible element. Never once in the brief hour of our contact did they allow their facial features to relax. One man, the oldest, in each group of three, was apparently the appointed spokesman for his group, but his answers were short and few and his questions none. Almost as interesting as the Lolos themselves was the attitude of my host toward them. Before their arrival Wang T'u-ssu had been most voluble in his expressions of contempt for the Lolos. The circumspectness of his actions while they were present, however, spoke louder than his previous words. To a casual onlooker it looked as if the Lolos were the real masters of the situation.

For the first time in my life I had to admit defeat in my efforts to produce even a small crack in the barrier that existed between us. They showed hardly the slightest interest in me or my things. Although smokers, they even remained unmoved by my final appeal to their loyalty to the universal brotherhood and refused a proffered sample of my own foreign pipe tobacco, about which peoples are usually curious, and overlooked entirely the small matter of offering me any of theirs in return, the almost invariable procedure in such circumstances. Fortunately the meeting had for me other aspects than the purely social, and the afternoon's interview was from my own standpoint at least far from being a total loss. Although denied the use of my camera by a request to that effect made by Wang T'u-ssu just before their arrival, I nevertheless made as careful and detailed a survey of their physical characters as I could and spent considerable time afterwards in recording my observations.

The next day being market day in Tzu-ta-ti, I was assured that I would have an opportunity to see Lolos both Black and White in large numbers. In spite of a light rain that fell during most of the day I counted over eighty of them on the single street at one time and estimated that I must have seen considerably over one hundred during the day. Among the crowd chiefly of Hsifans, with only a sprinkling of Chinese, the tall thin dark-complexioned Lolos stood out as conspicuous figures



Black Lolos at the Tzu-ta-ti Market.



Black Lolos at Tzu-ta-ti Market.

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both by reason of their height and their dress. They moved about in small compact groups, or sat under the overhanging eaves of the buildings that lined the single street of the village. In either case they were equally unapproachable, and showed genuine alarm at my camera.

I was able to get a fairly complete estimate of their physical type, however, which appears to be an exquisite example of what has been called the "linear" type of body build, exhibiting a long narrow body with a tendency toward an anterior-posterior rather than a lateral development of form and feature. The one exception to a general conformance to this linear type may, perhaps, be in the association of what appeared to me to be a rather round head form with the long face. I had no opportunity to make any measurements, however, and would not stress this disharmony which may be more apparent than real. Although the basic skin colour of the exposed regions of the body was completely masked by the heavy coat of tan, yet the suggestion of an underlying white skin was stronger than of one of either a yellow or yellow-brown colour. In the case of the men the coarse, straight, black hair, frequently wound into a distinctive "horn" that projected from a little to one side of the middle of the forehead, surmounted a face that usually showed a tendency toward a form that would be called sharp. The long thin nose with its well developed straight or slightly aquiline profile is distinctly different from the Chinese or Mongolian nose, and is much more finely moulded than the equally straight but larger Tibetan nose. The wide open and horizontal eyes show no trace of the Mongolic fold. The cheek bones are high but small, and the rather long and sloping jaw ends in a well developed, round chin. Strong, even, white teeth behind straight, thin lips complete the list of distinctive head and facial features of the majority of the Lolo males that gathered at Tzu-ta-ti on the occasion of my visit. The few that I saw without their enveloping capes impressed me as having deep chests, narrow shoulders, and legs longer in proportion to their bodies than is true of the Chinese.

In the case of the women, the general linear type of body build was masked somewhat by the very much shorter stature and fuller faces and figures of the younger, but was clearly seen in the case of the older women. The tendency to age rapidly, especially noticeable in the case of the women, is undoubtedly attributable to the strenuous and exposed life they lead. The large, deep wrinkles in the skin of the face and hands of the older people seem to be a characteristic of mountaineers the world over, and are apparently due to life-long exposure to the elements. The Lolo women lacked the fineness of feature of the Hsifan women, only in the same degree, however, as peasant women in general lack the softer skin and more delicate features of their more (or less) fortunate sisters of the villages or cities. The women showed the usual vivacity of their sex when among their own kind, but quickly congealed into icy stoniness at anything that suggested my interest in them. The team work which they soon evolved, a system of lookouts to foil my efforts to photograph them, did them credit.

Even more unique than his physique is the Lolo's dress. The most characteristic article of clothing among the men is the large cape that

hangs from the shoulders down to within a foot of the ground. This mantle differs in the fineness of material and in the presence or absence of a fringe, and gives fair evidence of the wealth or position of the wearer. One that I saw was of closely woven grey wool, and, with its long fringe and combined effect of the remainder of his dress, proclaimed him an individual of considerable wealth and importance. Most of the capes, however, were coarsely woven, dun coloured and fringeless. The garments underneath seemed in most instances to be a nondescript shirt and trousers, while ragged leggings showed beneath the cape and above the bare feet. The heads of the men were for the most part uncovered, the exceptions having on them turbans or the wide Chinese coolie hat of West Szechuan.

The women also wore capes but much shorter ones, these being almost universally grey and fringeless, and showing the coarse but very full skirt hanging down beneath and almost reaching to the ground. The skirts of these Lolo women constitute the distinctive feature of their dress. The amount of cloth utilized, especially in the wide accordion-pleated ruffle, is amazing, and is also apparently an index of the fortunes of the family. Chinese rumour has it that the lower extremities of the Lolo women are devoid of any other covering than that afforded by the ample skirt—a fact which argues in their (the Chinese) minds the alleged gross immodesty and immorality of the Lolo women as compared with the modesty of the carefully pantalooned women of their own race. A short jacket with full sleeves, the neck and sleeve margins decorated with broad bands of differently coloured cloth, is also a feature of the female dress. Caught under one of the braids of hair that encircle the head is usually a piece of cloth which extends out over the forehead and forms a little eye shade as well as a head covering of a sort. The women, like the men, were almost all of them bare-footed.

I was very reluctant to have to turn away from this vestibule into Lololand. The few observations that I was able to make during the few days at my disposal merely made me very anxious to carry out a more detailed study of these peoples than has yet been undertaken. Late in the afternoon on the market day, after an enforced delay to partake of a feast that Wang T'u-ssu had ordered in the village's single restaurant and to which he had invited the few prominent Chinese merchants of the place, I set out in the rain to catch up with my luggage. This I had sent ahead to the next little Hsifan village earlier in the afternoon as an evidence of my real intention to be on my way that day in spite of the pressure that was brought to bear to have me tarry longer. I had with me one of the two Hsifan men that my host had detailed to act as my guides and escort, the other being with my loads, and we made the intervening ten miles in record time. However it was long past dark before the last small stream was waded and the little group of huts that was my stopping place for the night was reached.

The valley traversed between Tzu-ta-ti and Fulin is historic ground, having provided the stage of the closing scenes of the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. It was here that the rebel Shih Ta-k'ai was finally trapped and annihilated through the united efforts of the Lolos and Hsifans. A small section of the Viceroy's memorial makes interesting reading. The end had

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come. "Thousand Family" Wang (grandfather of present Wang T'u-ssu), reinforced by the Mo-si-mien detachment (of Hsifans), "passed the Sung-lin on the 11th of June, and assaulted the rebel quarters at Tzu-ta-ti. At the same time the Lolo auxiliaries, coming down from Saddle Hill, advanced upon the rear of the position, which was thus completely enveloped. Thousands of the insurgents were killed in the actual attack; but all the approaches to the place being commanded by precipices and confined by defiles, the fugitives became huddled together in a dense mass, upon which the regulars kept up a storm of musketry and artillery, while the Lolos occupying the heights cast down rocks and trunks of trees, which crushed them or swept them into the river. More than 10,000 corpses floated away down the T'ung. Shih Ta-k'ai, with 7000 or 8000 followers, escaped to Lao-wa-hsuan, where he was closely beset by the Lolos. Five of his wives and concubines, with two children, joined hands and threw themselves into the river, and many of his officers followed their example. As it was indispensable to capture him alive, a flag was set up at Hsi-ma-ku displaying the words "Surrender, and save your lives," and on the 13th he came into the camp, leading his child, four years of age, by the hand, and gave himself up with all his chiefs and followers. Some 4000 persons who had been forcibly compelled to join him were liberated, but the remaining 2000, all inveterate and determined rebels, were taken to Ta-shu-p'u, where on the 18th of June, Government troops having been sent across the river for the purpose, a signal was given with rocket and they were surrounded and despatched. Shih Ta-k'ai and three others were conveyed to Ch'eng-tu on the 25th, and put to death by the slicing process; the child was reserved until the age prescribed by regulation for the treatment of such cases." *

Although from the above memoir, written from the viceroy's standpoint, it would appear that Chinese musketry, cannon, etc., figured prominently in the fray, yet it is more likely true, as Baber suavely remarks, that none of these played anything but the smallest part in the final destruction of the main rebel army. One army of Chinese, their hereditary foes, looks like any other to the irreconcilable Lolos. The weary remnant of the Tai-p'ing army in trying to escape from Yunnan through the Chien Ch'ang Valley and into the land of plenty in the Szechuan basin was beguiled by the Lolos in the inextricable gorges that hem in the T'ung River, and was there undoubtedly despatched chiefly by such primitive artillery as bows and poisoned arrows, stones, rocks and trees, hurled down from above. The Lolos and Hsifans were merely repelling an invasion of their own country. The scene described above is one that has occurred on a smaller scale on innumerable other occasions. Some of the accounts of the futile attempts of the Chinese soldiery to cope with the Lolos in this region are most comical. Born mountaineers, with heart, lungs, and legs perfectly geared to the rocky country that is their home, these tall pure-blooded Black Lolos scale cliffs and descend apparently from heaven with a quickness that quite mystifies the Chinese soldier. These latter have even been known to

* Baber's translation.

credit the Lolos with the ability to fly. And the advantage is not altogether one of physique. The soft, rice-eating Chinese whose motto is "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day" is no match in spirit for the Lolo who believes that "The man who is afraid to die for his homeland is not fit to live."

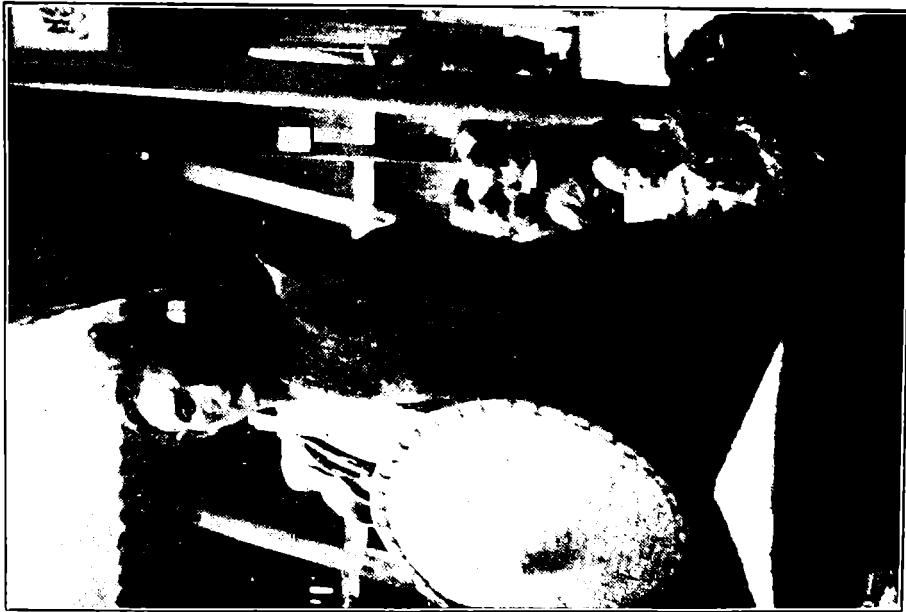
The two days spent in passing through this historic valley, with its Hsifan villages strung along the right (south) bank of the T'ung, were most delightful. Sleeping and eating in the native huts, now and then joining and travelling along with small groups either going to or coming from the village markets, waiting my turn to slide over the bamboo cables where the streams were too deep or too swift to wade, I saw considerable of the life and the manners of the Hsifans and much more of the Lolos. The name of Wang T'u-ssu was a magic one to the Hsifan element of the population, and I was quickly supplied with guides from village to village and, where I wished it for greater speed, a change of carriers also. An amusing phase of this part of the trip was in the fact that, although I had to have the extra carrier on account of the produce presented me by the Lolo delegation at Tzu-ta-ti, yet I paid this carrier almost all the way out of the things that he was carrying. In that way both chickens, since I did not have time during my brief stops to have them prepared for eating, as well as the surplus potatoes and corn, went to pay for their own carriage, after providing me with an insurance against a food shortage. The Hsifans are great fishermen, and the smoked fish obtained from the natives along this road were delicious. I ferried over the river at a point about ten miles before reaching Tashu-p'u. That night, trying to make Fulin, I was finally forced by rain to seek shelter in an abandoned mill part way up the slippery side of a high ridge that separated me from the town.

In Fulin itself, an important Chinese town at the crossing of the T'ung River on the main Yunnan road that runs through the Chien Ch'ang Valley, I tarried only long enough to change my remaining Hsifan for a Chinese carrier, and to make enquiries about the main party, which had passed through several days before. I was on the road again in less than an hour, bound for Ch'ing-ch'i-hsien. The road led through the fertile valley of the Liu-sha Ho, a veritable land of milk and honey on the sunny and dry side of the rain screen, but made productive by the extensive Chinese irrigation of the alluvial fans that form the floor of the widened valley. Han-yuan-kai is the largest and wealthiest town in this valley, although Ch'ing-ch'i-hsien is the administrative centre of the whole district. Up on the mountain side to the right of the road between Han-yuan-kai and Ch'ing-ch'i are ruins reported to be those of the former Lolo capital of this region. Few, if any, Lolos are to be found in this valley at present, however, even the Hsifans being more and more crowded out by the irrigating Chinese farmer. This valley borders the Shen-pien country to the west, and the strong admixture of the tribes' blood with the Chinese throughout the valley is noticeable.

Leaving Ch'ing-ch'i a good two hours before daylight the next morning and climbing the well travelled road up the western slope of the Tashi-ling in the fading starlight, I arrived at the top to find it free from



A Rope Bridge in the Lolo Country
of West China.



A Black Lolo, showing the Lolo
"Horn" Headdress.

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clouds and just in time to see the sight of a lifetime. The brightening streaks of early dawn filled the eastern sky. Sunrise itself was only a few minutes away and I decided to wait for the scene which, though as old as time, is ever new. As I stood and waited, the colours continued to grow richer and deeper, magically changing the while from pale pink through insensible shades of red into that dazzling gold that knows no comparison. Wave after wave of these magic colours came riding towards me on the tops of the clouds below. And finally, at the point on the horizon that glowed with ever increasing intensity, there burst forth that ball of radiant energy, the supreme physical phenomenon of our universe. I gazed on the spectacle with inarticulate feelings—just as Eoanthropus, from the brows of his Piltown hills, must have looked upon this same phenomenon with the same dumb wonder.

When on the point of leaving the spot, I was prompted to turn around and look westward. There, lit up by the first rays of the rising sun, were several glistening peaks of the snow mountains of Tibet. The play of the lights and shadows on the clouds above and on the mists in the still darkened valleys below made of it one of the most entrancing of the many views I had had of these wonderful peaks. This was my last glimpse of those wonderful snow ranges, the "Alps of Chinese-Tibet."

By travelling light, starting each morning at three-thirty and keeping on in the evening as long as was necessary to make the required distance, we had been making two stages in one ever since leaving Tzu-ta-ti. So about noon that day I caught up with the caravan just after it had left Ma-liu-ch'ang on the last stage of its trip into Yachow. I was indeed glad to ride the rest of the journey. I had walked every step of the way from Tzu-ta-ti, much of it through rain and mud and over the high Ta-hsiang-ling pass. My faithful army shoes were now cut to pieces, and my feet were beginning to feel the pounding they had received during the last few days of double stages. At Yachow the Chinese-Tibetan border part of the trip was at an end. Here the party separated into two groups—Morse and Dye left the next morning overland for Chengtu, and Osgood and I, delaying a day to make the necessary boat arrangements, started on the long water trip that lay ahead of us through Chiating, Suifu, Chungking and Hankow, where we subsequently separated and travelled to Kuling and Peking respectively by steamer and train.

While tobogganning on a bamboo raft down the Ya River to Chiating, during the lazy spells of relaxation between rapids, I tried to recall to mind and live over again the outstanding experiences of the last two eventful months. Over the high mountain trail of the Tibetan tea carriers, my recollections first took me. The inns, their smells, the sound of the mountain streams close by, then the deep sleeps and after it the early morning starts—these routine events of the march all came to mind, and more—the high passes, rain screens, tangled vegetation, giant ferns and brackens, vine and orchid festooned trees, the rhododendrons and dwarf pines, and finally over the top of the rain-screen and into the dry barren valleys on the other side. On and on my reviewing memory took me: over much higher and colder passes, out onto the Tibetan highlands, the towering snow peaks, glacier filled crevasses, vistas of

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lesser snow-covered ranges looking like choppy seas of frozen whitecaps. Then back again, through gradually lowering valleys, down to the bamboo groves, the rice fields, and the steaming heat. Conspicuous everywhere was the human animal; in hot valleys and on cold snow-swept plateaus he had built his home; sometime a slave to, and sometime the master of, his respective environment; here molded by and there molding to his needs the features of his physical surroundings. Apparently a chaos of human types and efforts—but through it all Nature is tracing her graph of the rise and fall of different groups and their respective accomplishments. Here, for him who seeks it, is revealed a portion of that arduous stairway of human progress.